The mind of the Frontiſpiece

Death put this *Light*; and his earth-baniſh Fire
Flew up to heav'n, and ſo a *Starre* became;
Death crop't this *Roſe-buſh*, and the Roſes wan
Snatcht up to heav'n, and made a *Garland* there:
But here's a *Pillar* ſhall ſtand firme and faſt,
When Fate ſhall want a *Knife*, and Death, a Blaſt
This *Pillar* ſhall keepe freſh his *Urne*, his Name,
Till *Flow'rs* forget to breathe; and *Fire* to flame.

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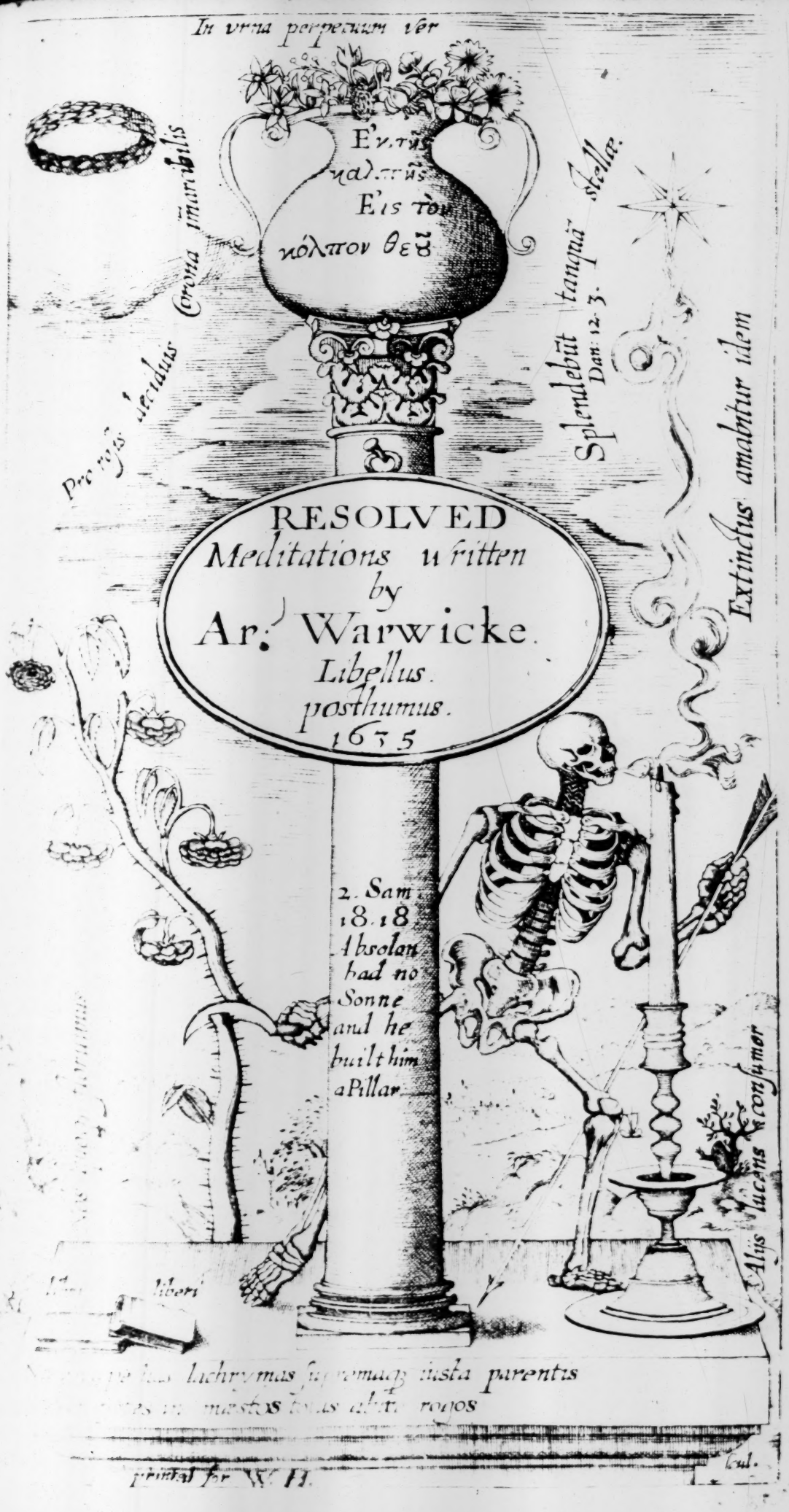
In vrna perpetuum ver
Ἐν τῆς
καλπῆς
Εἰς τὸν
κόλπον θεοῦ
Pro rosis deciduis Corona immarcibilis
Splendebūt tanquā stellæ.
Dan: 12. 3.
Extinctus amabitur idem
RESOLVED
Meditations written
by
Ar: Warwicke.
Libellus.
posthumus.
1675
2. Sam.
18. 18.
Absolon
had no
Sonne
and he
built him
a Pillar.
Alijs lucens consumor
liberi
lachrymas supremaq; iusta parentis
maestos
rogos
printed for W. H.

Spare-Minutes;

OR,

RESOLVED MEDITATIONS AND PREMEDITATED RESOLVTIONS.

written by ARTHVR WARVVICK.

Ego cur acquirere pauca
Si possim invidear?

[illegible] corrected and enlarged.

LONDON,
[illegible] for *Walter Hammond*, and are
[illegible] by *Michael Sparke*, in Greene
Arbour. 1635.

TO

THE RIGHT *Worshipfull, My* much Honoured

Friend, Sr. *William Dodington Knight* all health and happinesse.

Right Worshipfull,

I *Will not make an over-large gate to my little City: A*

ſhort Epiſtle beſt ſuites with ſo ſmall a volume, and both fitly reſemble your knowledge of me, & mine acquaintance with you, ſhort and ſmall. But a mite freely given makes a poore widow liberall: and in this Preſent, poore, like my habilities, as a thankfulneſſe, infinite like your deſervings. To ſpeake much, might be thought flattery; to ſay nothing would

Dedicatory.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

RESOLVED *Meditations* AND *PREMEDITATED* Resolutions.

IT is the over curious ambition of many, to be best or to be none: if they

they may not do so well as they would, they will not doe so well as they may. I will doe my best to do the best, and what I want in power, supply in will. Thus whiles I pay in part, I shall not bee a debtor for all. He owes most that payes nothing.

PRide is the greatest enemy to reason, and discretion the greatest opposite to pride. For whiles wisedome makes *art* the *ape* of nature, pride

pride makes nature the ape of art. The Wiseman shapes his apparell to his body, the proud man shapes his body by his apparell. 'Tis no marvell then, if hee know not himselfe, when he is not to day, like him he was yesterday: and lesse marvell, if good men will not know him, when he forgets himselfe, and all goodnesse. I should feare, whilest I thus change my shape, least my maker should change his opinion: and finding me not like him hee made

made mee, reject me, as none of his making. I would any day put off the old cause of my apparell, but not every day put on new fashioned apparell. I see great reason, to be a ashamed of my pride, but no reason, to bee proud of my shame.

THe reason that many men want their desires, is, because their desires want reason. He may doe what he will, that

that will doe but what he may.

I Should marvell that the Covetous man can ſtill bee poore, when the rich man is ſtill covetous, but that I ſee, a poore man can be content, when the contented man is onely rich: the one wanting in his ſtore, whiles the other is ſtored in his wants. I ſee then, wee are not rich or poore, by what we poſſeſſe, but by what we deſire. For he

hee is not rich that hath much, but hee that hath enough: nor hee poore that hath but little, but hee that wants more. If God then make mee rich by store, I will not impoverish my selfe by covetousnesse: but if hee make mee poore by want, I will inrich my selfe by content.

HYpocrisie desires to seem good rather than to be so: honestie desires to bee good rather

ther than seeme so. The worldlings purchase reputation by the sale of desert, wisemen buy desert, with the hazard of reputation. I would do much to beare well, more to deserve well, and rather loose opinion then merit. It shall more joy mee, that I know my selfe what I am, than it shall grieve me to heare what others report mee. I had rather deserve well without praise, than doe ill with commendation.

A Coward in the field is like the *Wisemans* foole: his heart is at his mouth, and hee doth not know what he does professe: but a Coward in his faith, is like a foole in his wisedome; his mouth is in his heart, and hee dares not professe what he does know. I had rather not know the good I should doe, than not do the good I know. It is better to be beaten with few stripes, than with many.

Each

EAch true Christian is a right traveller: his life his walke, CHRIST his way, and Heaven his home. His walke paineful, his way perfect, his home pleasing. I will not loyter, least I come short of home: I will not wander, least I come wide of home, but be content to travell hard, and be sure I walk right, so shall my safe way find its end at home, and my painfull walke make my home welcome.

As

AS is a wound to the body, so is a sinfull body to the soule: the body indangered till the wound bee cured, the soule not found till the bodies sin be healed, and the wound of neither can bee cured without dressing, nor dressed without smarting. Now as the smart of the wound, is recompensed by the cure of the body: so is the punishment of the body sweetned by the health of the soule.

Let

Let my wound smart by dressing, rather than my body die; Let my body smart by correction, rather than my soule perish.

IT is some hope of goodnes not to grow worse: It is a part of badnesse not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the spurke, and strive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodnesse I should, it is not too much, why should I make it lesse? If I

keepe

keepe the goodneſſe I have 'tis not enough: Why doe I not make it more? He ne're was ſo good as he ſhould be, that doth not ſtrive to be better than he is: He never will be better than he is, that doth not feare to be worſe than hee was.

HEalth may be injoyed; ſickneſſe muſt be indured: one body is the object of both, one GOD the Author of both. If then he give me

me health, I will thankfully enjoy it, and not thinke it too good, since it is his mercy that bestowes it: if hee send sicknesse, I will patiently indure it, and not thinke it too great, since it is my sinne that deserves it. If in health; I will strive to preserve it by praising of him: if in sickenesse; I will strive to remove it, by praying to him. Hee shall bee my GOD in sicknesse and in health, and my trust shall bee in him in health and in sickenesse. So in my health,

I shall not need to feare sickneſſe, nor in any ſickneſſe deſpaire of health.

IT is the uſuall plea of poverty to blame mis-fortune, when the ill finiſhed cauſe of complaint is a worke of their owne forging. I will either make my fortunes good, or bee content they are no worſe. If they are not forged, as I would they ſhould have beene, they are not ſo bad, as I know they might have beene. What though

though I am not so happy as I desire? 'Tis well I am not so wretched as I deserve.

THere is nothing to be gotten by the worlds love, nothing to be lost (but its love) by its hate, Why then should I seeke that love that cannot profit me, or feare that malice that cannot hurt me? If I should love it, for loving me, GOD would hate me, for loving it, If I loath it for hating

mee, it cannot hurt me for loathing it. Let it then hate me, and I will forgive it, but if it love me, I will never requite it For since its love is hurtfull, and its hate harmeleſſe, I will contemne its hate, and hate its love.

AS there is a folly in wit, so there is a wisdome in ignorance. I would not be ignorant in a necessary knowledge, nor wise above wisedome. If I know enough

enough I am wise enough, If I seeke more I am foolish.

IT's no marvell that man hath lost his rule over the creature, when he would not be ruled by the will of the Creator. Why should they feare man, when man would not obey GOD? I could wish no creature had power to hurt me, I am glad so many creatures are ordained to help me. If GOD allow enough to serve me,

I will not expect that all should feare me.

NO affliction (for the time) seemes joyous, all time in affliction seemes tedious. I will compare my miseries on earth with my joyes in heaven, and the length of my miseries, with its eternity, so shall my journey seeme short; and my burthen easie.

There

THere is nothing more certaine than death, nothing more uncertaine than the time of dying. I will therefore be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, must come at one time or another. I shall not hasten my death by being still ready, but sweeten it. It makes me not die the sooner, but the better.

THe commendation of a bad thing, is his ſhortneſſe, of a good thing its continuance: it were happy for the damned, if their torments knew end, 'tis happier for the Saints that their joyes are eternall. If man, that is borne of a woman, be full of miſery, 'tis well that he hath but a ſhort time to live: if his life be a walke of paine, its a bleſſing, that his dayes are but a ſpanne-long.

Happy

Happy miseries that end in joy : happy joyes that know no end : happy end that dissolves to eternity.

HAd I not more confidence in the truth of my Saviour, than in the traditions of men, poverty might stagger my faith, and bring my thoughts into a perplexed Purgatory. Wherein are the poore blind, a pardon shall be purchased onely by expenses? Or how is it

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hard for a rich man to enter into heaven, if money may buy out the past, present and future sinnes of himselfe, his deceased and succeeding progeny? If Heaven bee thus sold, what benefit has my poverty, by the price already paid? I find no happinesse in Roome on earth, 'Tis happinesse for me to have Roome in heaven.

There

THere is no estate of life so happy in this world, as to yeeld a Christian the perfection of content: and yet there is no estate of life so wretched in this world, but a Christian must be content with it. Though I can have nothing here that may give me true content, yet I will learne to bee truely contented here with what I have. What care I though I

have not much, I have as much as I desire, if I have as much as I want, I have as much as the most, if I have as much as I desire.

IT is the greatest of all sinnes alway to continue in sinne. For where the custome of sinning waxeth greater the conscience for sinne growes the lesse: it is easier to quench a sparke, then a fire; I had rather breake the Cockatri-

Cockatrices egge, then kill the Serpent. O daughter of *Babylon*, happy shall he be that taketh thy children whilest they are young and dasheth them against the stones.

NAture bids mee love my selfe and hate all that hurt mee, Reason bids me love my friends and hate those that envie mee, Religion bids me love all and hate none. Nature sheweth care, Reason

ſon wit, Religion love. Nature may induce me, Reaſon perſwade mee, but Religion ſhall rule mee. I will hearken to Nature in much, to Reaſon in more, to Religion in all. Nature ſhall make mee carefull of my ſelfe, but hatefull to none; Reaſon ſhall make mee wiſe for my ſelfe but harmleſſe to all; Religion ſhall make mee loving to all, but not careleſſe of my ſelfe. I may heare the former, I will hearken only to the later. I ſubſcribe to

ſome

some things in all, to all things in Religion.

ABundance is a trouble, want a misery, honour a burthen, baseness a scorne, advancements dangerous, disgrace odious. Onely a Competent estate yeelds the quiet of content. I will not climbe, least I fall, nor lye in the ground, least I am trod on. I am safest whiles my legges beare me. A competent heare

is

is moſt healthfull for my body, I would deſire neither to freeze nor to burne.

A Large promiſe with. out performance is like a falſe fire to a great Peece, which diſchargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will fore-thinke what I will promiſe, that I may promiſe but what I will doe. Thus whileſt my words are led by my thoughts, and followed by my actions,

ons, I shall bee carefull in my promises, and just in their performance. I had rather doe and not promise, than promise and not doe.

THE good-meaner hath two tongues, the Hypocrite a double tongue. The good mans heart speakes without his tongue, the Hypocrites tongue without his heart. The good man hath oftentimes GOD in his heart,

heart, when in his mouth there is no GOD mentioned: the Hypocrite hath GOD often in his mouth, when the foole hath said in his heart *there is no GOD*. I may sooneſt heare the tongue, but ſafelt the heart, the tongue ſpeaketh lowdeſt, but the heart trueſt.

THe ſpeech of the tongue is beſt known to men: GOD beſt underſtands the language of the heart: the heart with-

without the tongue may pierce the eares of heaven, the tongue without the heart ſpeakes an unknowne language. No marvell then if the deſires of the poore are heard, when the prayers of the wicked are unregarded. I had rather ſpeake three words in a ſpeech that God knowes, then pray three houres in a language he underſtands not.

Medi

MEditation is the wombe of our actions, Action the mid-wife of our Meditations. A good and perfect conception, if it want ſtrength for the birth, periſheth in the wombe of the mind, and, if it may be ſaid to be borne, it muſt be ſaid to be ſtill-borne: a bad and imperfect conception, if it hath the happineſſe of a birth, yet the mind is but delivered of a burthen of imperfections, in the

per-

perfection of deformity, which may beg with the cripple at the gate of the Temple, or perisheth through its imperfections. If I meditate what's good to be done, and doe not the good I have meditated, I loose my labour, and make curst my knowledge. If I doe the thing that is good, and intend not that good that I doe, it is a good action, but not well done. Others may injoy some benefit, I deserve no commendations. Resolution without action is a sloathfull folly,

ly, Action without reſolution is a foolish raſhneſſe. First know whats good to be done, then do that good being knowne. If forecaſt be not better than labour, labour is not good without forecaſt. I would not have my actions done without knowledge, nor againſt it.

IT is the folly of affection not to reprehend my erring friend, for feare of his anger: it is the abſtract of folly, to be

be angry with my friend for my errors reprehension. I were not a friend, if I should see my friend out of the way, and not advise him: I were unworthy to have a friend, if hee should advise mee (being out of the way) and I bee angry with him. Rather let me have my friends anger than deserve it; rather let the righteous smite mee friendly by reproofe, than the pretious oyle of flattery, or connivence, breake my head. It is a folly to flie ill-

will

will, by giving a juſt cauſe of hatred., I thinke him a truer friend that deſerves my love, than he that deſires it.

WHen Children meet with primroſes, nuts, or apples in their way, I ſee thoſe pleaſures are oftimes occaſions to make them loyter in their errands, ſo that they are ſure to have their Parents diſpleaſure, and oftimes their late returne findes a

barr'd entrance to their home, whereas thoſe who meete with dangers in the way, make haſte in their journey, and their ſpeede makes them welcomed, with commendation. Nature hath ſent mee abroad into the world, and I am every day travelling homeward: If I meete with ſtore of miſeries in my way, diſcretion ſhall teach me a religious haſte in my journey: And if I meete with pleaſures, they ſhall pleaſure mee onely by putting mee

in

in minde of my pleasures at home, which shall teach me to scorne these, as worse than trifles. I will never more reckon a troublesome life, a curse, but a blessing. A pleasant journey is deere bought with the losse of home.

WHen I see the fisher bait his hook. I think on Sathans subtile malice, who sugars over his poysoned hookes with seeming plea-

pleasures. Thus *Eves* apple was canded with divine knowledge, *yee shall bee as Gods knowing good and evill.* When I see the fish fast hang'd, I thinke upon the covetous Worldling, who leapes at the profit without considering the danger. Thus *Achan* takes the gold and the garment and ne're considers that his life must answer it. If Sathan be such a fisher of men, its good to looke before wee leape. Honey may bee eaten, so that wee take heede of the sting:

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I will honestly enjoy my delights, but not buy them with danger.

I See, when I have but a short journey to travell, I am quickly at home, soone out of the paine of my travell, soone into the possession of my rest. If my life bee but my walke, and heaven my home, why should I desire a long journey? Indeed knowing my home so pleasant, I would not bee weary with a long walke,

walke, but yet the shorter my journey, the sooner my rest.

I Cannot see two sawyers worke at the pit, but they put mee in minde of the Pharisee and the Publican: the one casts his eye upward, whiles his actions tend to the pit infernall: the other standing with a dejected Countenance, whiles his hands and heart move upward. 'Tis not a shame to make

ſhew of our profeſſion, ſo wee truely proteſſe what we make ſhew of: But of the two, I had rather bee good, and not ſeeme ſo, than ſeeme good, and not be ſo. The Publican went home to his houſe rather juſtified then the Phariſee.

WHen I thinke on the Eagles carying up of the ſhell-fiſh into the ayre, onely to the end hee may breake him

him by his fall, it puts mee in minde of the devils costly courtesies, who out of the bounty of his subtilty, is still ready to advance us to destruction. Thus more then once hee dealt with my Redeemer, no sooner had hee rais'd him to the top of an high pinacle, but straight followes, *cast thy selfe downe*; and having placed him on an high mountaine, let him *fall downe* and hee shall bee largely rewarded with his owne. If advancement be so dan-

gerous, I will take heed of being ambitious. Any estate shall give me content: I am high enough if I can stand upright.

WHen I see leaves drop from their trees, in the beginning of Autumne, just such thinke I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarme in abundance, but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked.

ked. He is an happy man that hath a true friend at his need: but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

I Should wonder, that the unfatiable desires of ambition can finde no degree of content, but that I see they seeke a perfection of honour on earth, when the fulnesse of glory is onely in heaven. The honour on earth is full of degrees, but no degree

admits a perfection: Whereas the glory of heaven admits of degrees, but each degree affoords a fullneſſe. Heere, one may bee lower then another in honour, and yet the higheſt want a glory: There, though one Starre differs from another in glory, yet in the fulneſſe of glory they all ſhine as Starres. Heere the greateſt may want, there the leaſt hath enough: Here, all the earth may not bee enough for one; There, one heaven is enough for

for all. LORD let me rather be leaſt there, without honour here, then the greateſt here, without glory there. I had rather be a dore-keeper in that houſe, then a ruler in theſe tents.

WHen I ſee the heavenly Sun buried under earth in the evening of the day, and in the morning to find a reſurrection to his glory, Why (thinke I) may not the ſonnes of hea-

ven buried in the earth, in the evening of their dayes, expect the morning of their glorious Refurrection? Each night is but the paſt dayes funerall, and the morning his refurrection: Why then ſhould our funerall ſleepe be other then our ſleepe at night? Why ſhould we not as well awake to our Refurrection, as in the morning? I ſee night is rather an intermiſſion of day, then a deprivation, and death rather borrowes our life of us then robbs us of it.

Since

Since then the glory of the Sunne findes a Resurrection, why should not the sonnes of glory? Since a dead man may live againe, I will not so much looke for an end of my life, as waite for the comming of my change.

I See, that candle yeelds mee small benefit at day, which at night much feeds mee: and I know, the cause is not because the candles light was lesse at

at day, but becauſe the daies light is leſſe in the evening. As my friends love to me, ſo mine to my friend may be at all times alike; but wee beſt ſee it, when wee moſt need it: and that, not becauſe our love is then greater, but our want. Though then I welcome a courteſie according to my want, yet I will value a courteſie according to its worth. That my fortunes need not my friends courteſie, is my happineſſe: ſhould my happineſſe ſleight my

friends

friends courteſie, 'twere my folly.

I See that candle makes ſmall ſhew in the day which at night yeelds a glorious luſtre, not becauſe the candle has then more light, but becauſe the ayre hath then more darkeneſſe. How prejudiciall then is that ambition, which makes me ſeeme leſſe then I am, by preſuming to make mee greater then I ſhould be. They whoſe glo-

ry

ry ſhines as the ſparkes amongſt ſtubble, looſe their light, if compared to the Sonne of glory. I will not ſeat my ſelfe higher then my place, leaſt I ſhould bee diſgraced to an humility, but if I place my ſelfe lower then my ſeat, I may be advanced to the honour of, *friend ſit up higher.* I had rather be exalted by my humility, then be brought low by my exaltation.

I

I See that candle which is as a Sunne in the darkeneſſe, is but as a darkeneſſe in the Sunne: the candle not more lightning the nights darkeneſſe, then the Sunne darkning the candles light. I will take heed then of conuerſion, eſpecially with great ones. As I may bee too ſtrong for the weaker; ſo I muſt bee too weake for the ſtronger. I cannot ſo eaſily vanquiſh mine inferi-

ors,

ors, but my ſuperiors may as eaſily conquer mee: I will doe much to be at peace with all men, but ſuffer much ere I contend with a mighty man.

I See when I follow my ſhadow it flies me, When I flie my ſhadow it followes me: I know pleaſures are but ſhadowes, which hold no longer then the ſun-ſhine of my fortunes. Leaſt then my pleaſures ſhould forſake mee, I will forſake

ſake them. Pleaſure moſt flies me when I moſt follow it.

IT is not good to ſpeake evill of all whom we know bad: it is worſe to judge evill of any, who may prove good. To ſpeake ill upon knowledge, ſhewes a want of charity: to ſpeake ill upon ſuſpition ſhewes a want of honeſty. I will not ſpeake ſo bad as I know of many: I will not ſpeake worſe then

then I know of any. To know evill by others, and not speake it, is sometimes discretion: to speake evill by others, and not know it, is alway dishonesty. Hee may bee evill himselfe who speakes good of others upon knowledge, but he can never be good himselfe, who speakes evill of others upon suspition.

A Bad great one is a great bad one. For the greatneſſe of an evill man, makes the mans evill the greater. It is the unhappy priviledge of authority, not ſo much to act, as teach wickedneſſe, and by a liberall cruelty, to make the offenders ſinne not more his owne then others. Each fault in a leader is not ſo much a crime, as a rule for error: And their vices are made,

made, (if not warrants, yet) presidents for evill. To sinne by prescription, is as usuall as damnable: and men run poast in their journey, when they goe to the devill with authority. When then the vices of the rulers of others, are made the rules for vices to others, the offences of all great ones must needs bee the greatest of all offences. Either then let me bee great in goodnesse, or else it were good for mee to bee without greatnesse. My owne

sinnes

sinnes are a burthen too heavie for mee, why then should I lade my selfe with others offences.

TO speake all that is true, is the property of fooles: to speake more then is true, is the folly of —— too many. He that spends all that is his owne, is an unthrifty prodigall: Hee that spends more then his owne, is a dis-honest unthrift: I may sometimes know what

what I will not utter, I muſt never utter what I doe not know. I ſhould be loath to have my tongue ſo large as my heart, I would ſcorne to have my heart leſſe then my tongue. For if to ſpeake all that I know, ſhewes too much folly, to ſpeake more then I know ſhewes too little honeſty.

IT is the ambitious folly of too many, to imitate

imitate rather greatneſſe then goodneſſe. They will ſooner follow the example of their Lord, then the precepts of their God. I will alway honour greatneſſe, I will onely imitate goodneſſe: and rather doe good without a patterne, then commit evill in imitation. 'Tis better to be ſaved without a preſident, then to be damned by example.

There

THere is no ſecurity in evill ſocietie, where the good are often made worſe, the bad ſeldome better. For it is the peeviſh induſtry of wickedneſſe, to finde, or make a fellow. 'Tis like, they will bee birds of a feather, that uſe to flocke together. For ſuch commonly doth their converſation make us, as they are with whom wee uſe to converſe.

I.

I cannot be certaine, nor to meet with evill company, but I will be carefull, not to keepe with evill company. I would willingly sort my selfe with such, as should either teach, or learne goodnesse: and if my companion cannot make mee better, nor I him good, I will rather leave him ill, then hee shall make me worse.

TO teach goodneſſe is the greateſt praiſe, to learne goodneſſe, the greateſt profit. Though he be wiſeſt that can teach, yet he that doth learne is wiſer. I will not therefore be unwilling to teach, nor aſhamed to learne. I cannot be ſo ignorant, but I may teach ſomewhat, nor ſo wiſe but I may learne more. I will therefore teach what I know, and learne what I know not. Though it

it bee a greater praile to teach, then to learne, yet it is a leſſer ſhame to learne then to be ignorant.

AS there is a miſery in want, ſo there is a danger in exceſſe. I would therefore deſire neither more nor leſſe, then enough. I may as well die of a ſurfet, as of hunger.

IT is the apish nature of many, to follow rather example then precepts: but it would bee the safest course of all, to learne rather by precept then example. For ther's many a good Divine that cannot learne his owne teaching. It is easier to say this doe, then to doe it. When therefore I see good doctrine with an evill life, I may pitty the one, but I will practise onely

onely the other. The good sayings belong to all, the evill actions onely to their authors.

THere are two things necessary for a Traveller, to bring him to the end of his journey: a knowledge of his way, a perseverance in his walke. If hee walke in a wrong way, the faster he goes the further hee is from home: if he sit still in a right way, he may know his home, but ne're come

to it: Discreet stayes make speedy journeyes. I will first then know my way, ere I begin my walke: the knowledge of my way is a good part of my journey. He that faints in the execution looseth the glory of the action. I will therefore not onely know my way, but also go on in my way: I had rather my journey should want a beginning, then come to an untimely end. If heaven bee my home, and CHRIST my way, I will learne to know

know my way, ere I haste to travell to my home. Hee that runs hastily in a way hee knowes not, may come speedily to an home he loves not. If CHRIST be my way, and heaven my home, I will rather indure my painefull walke, then want my perfect rest. I more esteeme my home then my journey; my actions shall be led by knowledge, my knowledge be followed by my actions, Ignorance is a bad mother to devotion, and idlenesse a bad steward to

to knowledge.

I Cannot but wonder at the folly of thoſe hearts, who are like to kill themſelves with the feare of dying, making the newes of an inſuing miſchiefe, a worſe miſchiefe then that they have newes of: whereas the foreknowledge of an approaching evill, is a benefit of no ſmall good. For if it cannot teach us to prevent it by providence,

it

it may ſhew us, how to ſuſtaine it by patience. I may grieve wit the ſmart of an evill, as ſoone as I feele it: But I will not ſmart with the griefe of an evill as ſoone as I heare of it. My evill when it commeth may make my griefe too great, why then ſhould my griefe before it comes make my evill greater?

As

AS I see in the body, so I know in the soule, they are oft most desperatly sicke, who are least sensible of their disease: whereas hee that feares each light wound for mortall, seekes a timely cure, and is healed. I will not reckon it my happinesse, that I have many sores, but since I have them, I am glad they greeve me. I know the cure is not the more dangerous, be-

becauſe my wounds are more grievous; I ſhould be more ſicke if I plained leſſe.

IT is one, not of the leaſt evils, not to avoid the appearance of evill, which oft makes the innocent juſtly puniſhed with undeſerved ſuſpition. I would deſire to be thought good, but yet I had rather be ſo. It is no ſmall happineſſe to be free from ſuſpicion, but a greater to be void of offence. I would

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IT is one, not of the least evils, not to avoid the appearance of evill, which oft makes the innocent justly punished with undeserved suspition. I would desire to be thought good, but yet I had rather be so. It is no small happinesse to be free from suspicion, but a greater to be void of offence. I would

would willingly be neither evill nor suspected: but of the two I had rather be suspected and not deserve it, then deserve evill and not be suspected.

I Know but one way to heaven, I have but one Mediator in heaven, even one Christ; and yet I heare of more Wayes, more Mediators. Are there then more Christs? *Are the Lords waies as your waies* that we must goe to the King of heaven as

unto

unto a King on earth? Or if we muſt, yet if my King bid me come ſhall I tend an other? If he bid me come unto him, ſhall I goe unto another? If he bid me aske for peace onely in the name of the Prince of peace, why ſhould I mention the Lady Mary? If I ſhall be heard onely in the name of his Sonne, why ſhould I uſe the name of his ſervants? Were it a want of manners, or a want of obedience to come when I am bid? Is another better, or am I too

good

good to goe in mine owne errands to the Almighty? Becauſe the Sonne was worſe uſed then the ſervants on earth, ſhall the ſervants therefore be ſooner heard then the Sonne in heaven? There are ſtill unjuſt Husband-men in the Lords vineyard, who not onely abuſe the ſervants, but kill againe the Sonne, and rob him of his due inheritance. When the LORD therefore of the Vineyard commeth, what will he doe to theſe Husband-men? I doe not envie your

your glory ye Saints of GOD, yet I will not attribute the glory of my GOD to his Saints. How shall my GOD glorifie me, if I should give his glory to another?

TO be without passion is worse then a beast, to be without reason, is to be lesse then a man. Since I can be without neither, I am blessed, in that I have both. For, if it be not against reason to be passionate, I will

not

not be paſſionate againſt reaſon I will both grieve and joy, if I have reaſon for it, but not joy nor grieve above reaſon. I will ſo joy at my good as not to take evill by my joy: ſo grieve at any evill as not to increaſe my evill by my griefe. For it is not a folly to have paſſion, but to want reaſon. I would bee neither ſenſeleſſe, nor beaſtly.

It

IT is the folly of wit in some to take paines to trimme their labours in obscurity. It is the ignorance of learning in others, to labour to devest their paine by bluntnesse; the one thinking hee never speakes wisely, till he goes beyond his owne, and all mens understandings: the other thinking hee never speakes plainely, till hee dive beneath the shalloweſt apprehenſion, I as little affect curioſity

riosity in the one, as I care for the affectation of baldneſſe in the o-ther. I would not have the pearle of heavens Kingdome ſo curiouſly ſet in gold, as that the art of the workeman ſhould hide the beauty of the jewell: nor yet ſo ſleightly valued, as to be ſet in lead; or ſo beaſtly uſed as to be ſlub-bered with durt. I know the pearle (how ever placed) ſtill retaines its vertue, yet I had rather have it ſet in gold, then ſeeke it in a dung-hill. Neat apparell is an or-

nament to the body, but a disgrace, if either proud or slovenly.

I See corruption so largely rewarded, that I doubt not, but I should thrive in the world, could I get but a dispensation of my conscience for the liberty of trading. A little flattery would get me a great deale of favour, and I could buy a world of this worlds love, with the sale of this little trifle *Honesty*. Were this world

world my home, I might perhaps be trading: but alas, those merchandize yeeld lesse then nothing in heaven. I would willingly be at quiet with the world, but rather at peace with my conscience. The love of men is good, whiles it lasteth, the love of GOD is better being everlasting. Let me then trade for those heavenly merchandize: if I finde these other in my way, they are a great deale more then I looke for, and (within little) more then I care for.

As

AS faith is the evidence of things not seene: so things that are seene are the perfecting of faith. I beleeve a tree will be greene, when I see him leaveleſſe in winter: I know he is greene when I ſee him flouriſhing in ſummer. It was a fault in *Thomas* not to beleeve till he did ſee. It were a madneſſe in him not to beleeve when he did ſee. Beleefe may ſomtime exceede reaſon, not oppoſe it, and faith bee often above

above sense not against it. Thus whiles faith doth assure mee that I eate CHRIST effectually, sense must assure me that I taste bread really. For though I oftentimes see not those things that I beleeve, yet I must still beleeve those things that I see.

THere is none so innocent as not to be evill spoken of, none so wicked as to want all commendation. There are too many who condemne the just:

jast, and not a few who justifie the wicked. I oft heare both envy and flattery speaking false-hoods of my selfe, to my selfe, and may not the like tongues performe the like taskes, of others to others? I will know others by what they doe themselves, but not learn my selfe by what I heare of others. I will be carefull of mine own actions, not credulous of others relations.

The

THe Crosse is but a signe of CHRIST crucified, CHRIST crucified the substance, of this Crosse. The signe without the substance is as nothing, the substance without the signe is all things. I hate not the signe, though I adore but the substance. I will not blaspheme the Crosse of CHRIST, I will not worship but CHRIST crucified. I will take up my *Crosse*, I will love my

my *Crosse*, I will beare my *Crosse*, I will imbrace my *Crosse*, yet not adore my *Crosse*. All knees shall bend in reverence to his name, mine never bow in Idolatry to his image.

IT is the nature of man to be proud, when man by nature hath nothing to be proud of. Hee more adorneth the Creature, then he adoreth the *Creator*: and makes, not onely his belly his god,

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but his body. I am aſhamed of their glory, whoſe *glory is their ſhame.* If nature will needs have mee to bee proud of ſomething, I will bee proud onely of this, that I am proud of nothing.

AS the Giver of all things, ſo each receiver loveth a cheerefull giver. For a bargaine is valued by the worth of the thing bought, but a gift by the minde

minde of the party giving: which made the widowes mite of more worth, then the riches of *superfluitie.* I see then, hee gives not best that gives most, but he gives most, that gives best. If then I cannot give bountifully, yet I will give freely, and what I want in my hand, supply by my heart. Hee gives well, that gives willingly.

I See at a feast, that others feed heartily on that dish which perhaps would not suite with my appetite, whilest I make as good a meale on those cates, that perhaps their palats could not relish. I will not therefore thinke I doe well because my actions please not others, nor bee confident that my actions are good, because my doings please my selfe: but bee more

more carefull to provide what is good at a feaſt, then what's delightfull: and more ſtudy to expreſſe what is honeſt in my actions, then what's pleaſing. So, if ſicke ſtomackes cannot reliſh my ſound meates, the fault ſhall light on their ill appetites: and if unſeaſoned judgments like not my honeſt intentions, the fault ſhall fall on their ill reliſhed apprehenſions. It would pleaſe mee well to have praiſe when I deſerve it;

but joy mee more to deserve praise when I have it.

FINIS.

A briefe Elogium upon this Author, and his pious Meditations, with allusion to this Emblematicall Frontispiece,

by GEO: WITHER.

IN *flam'd* with *Love*, and *winged* with Desire,
This pious *Heart*, in life-time, did aspire
Above the *world*; and with a true *delight*,
Enjoy'd the *Day-time*, and emploid the *Night*,
In climbing nearer to that THREE-IN-ONE,
Who filleth all things, and, is fild of none.
The LAVV's mysterious *Night*, the GOSPEL's *day*
AFFLICTIONS *Moone-shine*, and, the *Sunnie-ray*
Of prosperous HOPES, did limit out that *path*,
Through which, his *Contemplation* mounted hath;
And, up above their COLVMNS, made him rise,
A pleased, and a pleasing *Sacrifice*.
From out of his dead *Embers*, raked were
A few quick *Sparklings*; which, have kindled here,
These *Papers*; and, were left behind, to shew
Which *way*, his well-disposed SPIRIT flew:
And, that their FLAME, to others, may derive
The *light*, and *heat*, of this CONTEMPLATIVE.
Accept (as GOD hath done) this *Broken-heart*:
For, ev'ry *parcell*, yeelds (from ev'ry *part*)
A bright-reflection of his *living-Graces*,
In just so many perfect *Looking-glasses*,
As here are *Peeces*; and, yee may by *these*,
Put on faire VERTVES *dressings*, if you please.

Non Impletur
Implet
Sursum
contedens
meditabitur
In lege eius
DIE ac NOCTI
SOLIS DVX
Mundo TITVLIS relictis
RESOLVED MEDITATIONS
& Meditated Resolutions
Written by
A.W.
Enlarged
1635.
LON- DON,
Printed for Walter Hammond
Spargit post funera
pau cos
Non Despicit
Nõ Respicit

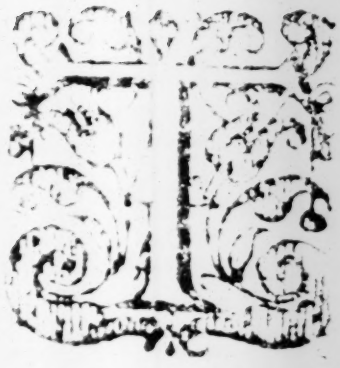
Loquela Emblematici Frontiſpicij, in obſequium Inventoris, & piam Autheris memoriam ſuggeſta.

Accenſus radijs, Zeloq; agitante levatus,
In cœlum geminis, flammâ ocyus, evolat, alis
Igne rapax, Animus; mundiq; nitentia tangit
Lumina, Nubigenis, variata, & nixa, Columnis,
Surſum contendens, ſummæq; Volumina Legis
Secum, adamanda, verenda, Dieq; ac Nocte revolvit.
Hæc, altoſenſu: Mundo, TITULISq; relictis.
Non illum, DUX SOLIS, amatiq; arbiter Orbis,
Deſpicit, afflictum: cum mens divulſa fatiſcit,
Cordaq; dividuo perrumpit Malleus ictu.
Si ſilices geſtat, ſolidoq; Adamante rigeſcens.
Effugit inſultus, & ſævi verbera motûs;
LUNEÆ LUX, illum non reſpicit, alma rigorem.
Hîc, fractum COR, Lector, labes, penetrale ſerena
Mentis, & innocuæ; per quod, poſt funera tanta
Nunc ſpargit radios animi vigor ultimus, ardor
Verus, & inſtanti, duplicata potentia morte.
Colligat hos, rapiatq; in concava pectora Cardo
Lucidus ingenij; deducetq; æthere flammas,
Concipietq; novos æterni luminis ignes.

GVLIEL. HAYDOCK.

TO THE VERTVOVS *and Religious Gentlewoman* my much esteemed friend Mistrisse ANNE ASHTON, be health and happinesse heere and hereafter.

Worthy Mistrisse,



HE acknowledgement of your favours shal be my meanest thankes, and

and to thanke you for those favours, must be my best acknowledgement. I can doe no more, I will doe no lesse. Nor have I any better meanes to shew my owne living gratefullnesse, then by coupling it with my dead Sons thankfullnesse, and by reviving his, to enliven my owne, and to testifie both to posterity, by this small memoriall. Neither is it unsutable that

that his ſtudy ſhould yeeld ſome matter of thankfullneſſe after his death, who in his life time ſtudied to be thankfull to you his moſt deſerving friend. Which gave me (his ſad father) a fit hint to dedicate theſe his laſt Meditations *to your ſelfe, to whoſe name and worth, be meditated and intended, to raiſe a fairer Monument, had he lived. This prevented, what*

what remaineth, but that this remnant cloathe his thankfullnes as farre as it can, and supply the necessitated defect of his uneffected purpose. These collected out of loose papers, seeme to bee wrought in some sudaine temperate heate of his honest fantasie, and hammered on the anvill of objected occasions, and being forged roughly into these shapes, were cast a cooling

ling into the next paper that came to hand: and so wanting filing, and polishing, must crave pardon for their ruder forme. They assume their greatest worth and value from your courteous acceptance, and accompt it their chiefest happinesse, if, for them, you love his memory while you live, who endeavoured to make your memory out-live your selfe. This if you deigne

deigne to doe you shall much comfort the sadnesse of

Your assured and

devoted friend

Arthur Warwick.

RESOLVED *Meditations* AND *PREMEDITATED* Resolutions.

The Second part.

WHen one ascends from the ground to an higher roome, I observe with what

what contempt hee insults and tramples on the staires by which hee riseth, and how he first and most durteth that step by which he first stepped from the durt. Which putteth mee in minde of the practice of the aspiring ambitious, who, to get up to their wished height of honour, bedurt with scorne, and neglect those by whose shoulders they were first mounted, and exalted. I hate that ambition which inforceth ingratitude; which, being the

the baſeſt of vices, cannot but ſoyle, and diſgrace a man graced with ſuch honours. I am not preferr'd with honour, if debaſed with ingratitude.

HE that will not bee perſwaded to leape downe from an high chamber at once, commeth willingly downe by the ſtayres: and yet the declining degrees of his winding deſcent make it not leſſe downward to him, but leſſe per-

perceived of him. His leape might have brought him downe ſooner, it could not have brought him down lower. As I am then fearefull to act great ſinnes, ſo I will bee carefull to avoid ſmall ſinnes. He that contemn's a ſmall fault commits a great one. I ſee many drops make a ſhower: and what difference is it, whether I bee wet either in the mine, or in the river, if both bee to the skinne? There is ſmall benefit in the choyce, whither we

we goe downe to Hell by degrees or at once.

THE gentle and harmeleſſe ſheepe being conſcious of their owne innocency, how patiently, how quietly, doe they receive the knife, either on the altar, or in the ſhambles? How ſilently and undaunted doe they meet death and give it entrance with ſmall reſiſtance? When the filthie loathſome and harmefull ſwine roare horribly

horribly at the first handling, and with an hideous crying reluctancy, are haled, and held to the slaughter. This seemes some cause to me, why wicked men (conscious of their filthy lives, and nature) so tremble at the remembrances, startle at the name, and with horrour roare at the approach of death: when the godly quietly uncloathe themselves of their lives, and make small difference twixt a naturall nights short sleepe, and the long sleepe of nature.

nature. I will pray not to come to an untimely violent death, I will not violently resist death at the time when it commeth. I will expect and waite my change with patience, imbrace it with cheerefullnesse, and never feare it is a totall privation.

IT is no small fault to be bad, and seeme so: it is a greater fault to seeme good, and not bee so: The cloake of dissimulation is a maine part

part of the garment ſpotted with the fleſh. A vice thus covered is worſe then a naked offence. There is no divell to the Hypocrite.

WHen I ſee the Larkers day-net ſpread out in a faire morning, and himſelfe whirling his artificiall motion, and obſerve how by the reflecting luſtre of the Sunne on the wheeling inſtrument, not onely the merry larke, and feare-

full

full Pigeon are dazeled, and drawne with admiration; but ſtowter birds of prey, the ſwift Merlin, and towring Hobby are inticed to ſtoope, and gazing on the outward forme, loſe themſelves. Me thinks I ſee the devils nightnets of inticing harlots fully paraleld, ſpread our fortus in the vigour of our youth; which with rowling eyes draw on the luſtfullneſſe of affection, and betray the wantonneſſe of the heart, and with their alluring glances

often make to ſtoope within danger of their fatall nets, not onely the ſimple and careleſſe, but others alſo, men otherwiſe wary and wiſe; who comming within the pull of the net lie at the mercy of that mercileſſe fowler, to their certaine deſtruction. Hence I reſolve when I ſee ſuch glaſſes, to ſhunne ſuch motions, as aſſured that thoſe glaſſes have nets adjoyning; thoſe nets a fowler attending; that fowler a death prepared for me, then which

I cannot die a worſe. I may by chance, I muſt by neceſſity, at ſometime come within their view: I will at no time come within their danger. I cannot well live in this world, and not ſee them at all, I cannot live well in this world, nor at all in the better world, if I be caught in their fatall nets.

THere be that make it their glory to feed high, and *fare deliciously every day*, and to maintaine their bodies elementary, search the elements, the earth, sea, and aire, to maintaine the fire of their appetites. They that thus make *their bellies their Gods*, doe *make their glory their shame*. I distaste a sordid diet as unwholesome, I care not to taste and feed on variety of delicates as unhealthfull.

healthfull. Nature contented with a few things is cloyed, and quelled with over-many: and *digestion* her cooke imployed in the concoction of so much variety at once, leaves the stomacke too fowle a kitchin for health to abide in. Since then to to feed may the sooner end my life, and the end of my life is not to to feede, I will be taught by *Grace* not to live to eat, but eat to live; and maintaine health by a competent diet, not fuld with excesse.

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HE that too much admires the glory of a Princes Court, and drawne up thither (by his ambition) thinks high places to be the higheſt happineſſe; let him view the foggie miſts, the moiſt vapours, and light exhalations drawne up from the earth by the attractive power of the glorious Sunne beames: which when they are at higheſt, either ſpend themſelves there in portending

ending meteors, to others terrour and their owne consumption; and either by resolution are turned into raine, or congelation unto hayle or snow, which sinke lower into the earth at their fall, then they were at their ascending. For my part, I may admire such a glowing coale. I will not with the Satyr kisse it. As I thinke it not the least and last praise to please Princes; so, I know, it is not the least danger of times to live with them, *procul*

a Iove, procul a fulmine. Hee presumes too much of his owne brightnesse that thinkes to shine cleere neere the Sunne; where, if his light be his owne, it must be obscured by comparison: if borrowed from the Sunne, then is it not his, but anothers glory. A candle in the nights obscurity shewes brighter than a torch at noone-day. And *Cæsar* thought it a greater glory to be the first man in some obscure towne, than the second man in Rome the head

head City of the world.

IT is a common cuſtome (but a lewd one) of them that are common lewd ones, by cuſtome, to wound the fame, and taint the reputation of their neighbours with ſlanders; and having no leſſe impotency in their tongues, than impurity in their hearts, forme both opinions and cenſures according to the mould of evill in themſelves. And this they

doe, either with the Lapwing to divert, by their false cries, the travelling stranger from finding the nest of their filthinesse, or with the curtold Fox in the fable, to endevour to have all Foxes cut-tayld; or, with the fish Sepia, to darken with the pitchie inke of aspersions, all the water of the neighbourhood, that so themselves may scape the net of Censure, justly cast to catch them. Or else, to have themselves thought as good as any other, they will not

have

have any thought good, that dwells neere them. I will therefore ſuſpect him as ſcarce honeſt, who would (with a ſlander) make me ſuſpect an other as diſ-honeſt. I will not preſently diſreſpect him as diſhoneſt, whom a lewd perſon diſhoneſteth with ſuſpition. The devill is not more blacke-mouth'd then a ſlanderer; nor a ſlanderer leſſe malicious then the devill.

When

WHen I see the Sun rising from the East in glory, like a gyant ready for the course, within an houres space obscured with mists, darked with clowds, and sometimes eclipsed with the Moones inferiour body; and however, without these, after noone declining, descending, setting, and buried under our horizon; I seeme to see an earthly King mounting

ting his throne in glory, yet ſoone clouded with cares, and feare of dangers: ſometime darkned in honour by the malicious envy of his ſubjects; ſometimes eclipſed in his dominions by the interpoſition of forraigne powers; and however, without theſe, in a ſhort time deſcending and ſetting at the evening of his life, and ſeldome paſſing the whole day thereof in perfect continuall glory. Then thinke I, O the odds of comfort in that heaven-

ly and these earthly kingdomes; O the comfort of this odds; There each Saint is a glorious King; each King hath his incorruptible Crowne; each Crowne a boundlesse, feareless, endlesse Kingdome. Let mee strive for the glory of such a Kingdome onely, which is a Kingdome of such glory.

Felices animæ quibus hæc cognoscere sola,
Inq; domos superûm scandere, cura fuit.

The

THE Lawes in themſelves are the ſcales of juſtice, the wronged poore-mans ſhelter, the pillars of the Common wealth: but the abuſed practice makes thoſe ſcales unequall, that poore-mans ſhelter a mans poore ſhelter for his wrongs. The proofe of this, appeares with the Iuries at the Aſſiſes in their proofes: when one may often diſcerne *periury* uſher in the evidence to

to the jury, and injury follow with the verdict. I admire with reverence the justice and wisedome of the Lawes; I deplore with compassion the abused practice of the Lawes, and resolve, rather to beare with patience an hayle-shower of injuries, than to seeke shelter at such a thicket, where the brambles shall plucke off my fleece, and doe me more hurt by scratching, than the storme would have done by hayling. I care not for that physicke, where the reme-

dy

dy is worſe then the di-
ſeaſe.

HOw cunningly doth the Prince of darkneſſe take on him the forme of an Angell of light? How often have ſeeming-ſaints prooved devils? even in thoſe things (lightly) moſt faulty, which they make a ſhew of being moſt free from: Some more proud of being thought plaine, then a flaunting gallant in his new faſhion. Others refuſing a defer-

deserved commendation, onely with a desire to be commended for refusing it: The one hating pride with a more proud hatred, the other shunning praise with a greater vaine-glory. It is bad to have vices, worse to dissemble them. *Plato* possessed his rich bed with lesse pride then *Diogenes* trampled on it.

I Meet sometimes with men whose crazed braines seeme soldered with quick silver; whose actions straines run onely in odd crotchets; whose judgements being hood-winkt with their owne opinion, and passion, admit of nought for reason, but what their unreasonable selfe-will dictates to them. And then what they will doe, they will doe; and doe it they will with that torrent of vio-

violence, that overturnes all obstacles of counsell, which crosse their courses. From these I will learne not to make *Will* my Coach-man, unlesse *Reason* runne before to shew the way: And if my action must passe by the waters of uncertaine danger, of all vessels I will not use the *wherry*. As doath seldome bringeth actions to good birth: so hasty rashnesse alwaies makes them abortive, ere well formed.

As

AS in virtues, hee that hath one, hath all: so in vices he that hath one hath seldome one alone. He that will steale, must lie; and he that will steale, and lye, will sweare his lye; and so easily skrue himselfe up to perjury. Hee that will be drunke, what will he not be, when he is drunke? and being slipt downe from the top of reasonable sense, where stoppeth he from tumbling downe into a beastly

beastly sensuality? I will therefore *give the water no passage no not a little*, least it make a breach, and that breach let in an inundation to drowne the sweet pastures of my soule. I see the devils claw is an entering wedge, to let in his foot; that foot, his whole body. I will be carefull to set a *watch* and *keepe the dore*, that sin may have no admittance. I cannot be too carefull, so it be to the purpose; it cannot be to the purpose, if it be too little.

That

THat the *voice of the common people is the voice of* GOD, is the common voice of the people; yet it is as full of falſe-hood, as commonneſſe. For who ſees not that thoſe blacke-mouth'd hounds, upon the meere ſent of opinion, as freely ſpend their mouthes in hunting Counter, or like *Actæons* dogges in chaſing an innocent man to death, as if they followed the chaſe of truth

it

it selfe, in a fresh sent. Who obserues not that the voyce of the people, yea of that people that voyced themselues the people of GOD, did prosecute the GOD of all people, with one common voyce, *hee is worthy to die*. I will not therefore ambitiously begge their voyces for my preferment; nor *weigh* my *worth* in that *vneuen ballance*, in which a feather of opinion shall be moment enough to turne the scales, and make a light peece go currant, and a currant peece seeme light.

There

THere are a sort of men which are kind men to mee, when they expect some kindnesse from me: who have their hands downe to the ground in their salutations, when the ground of their salutations is to have a hand at me, in some commodity. But their owne ends once served, their kindnesse hath its end at once: And then it seemes strange to me, how

ſtrange they will ſeeme to grow to mee; as if the cauſe (their deſire) being removed, the effect (their courteſie) muſt ſtraight ceaſe. I will not acknowledge ſuch my friends, but their owne; and when ever I ſee ſuch inſnaring palpation, I will bethinke me what the authors would have of me. And, with a thrifty diſcretion, rather deny ſuch their requeſts, then in a prodigall kindnes become their friend, more then mine owne.

I

I See a number of gallants every where, whose incomes come in yearely by set numbers, but runne out daily, sans number. I could pity the cases of such brave men, but that I see them still in brave cases. And when I see them often foxed, me thinke the Proverbe suites those sutes, *What is the fox but his case?* I should thinke them to bee *Entrapelus* his enemies, whom he cloathed

richly to make them ſpend freely, and grow deboſhed. I will doe thoſe men right, and wonder at them, becauſe they deſire it. I will not wrong my ſelfe to envie at them, becauſe they deſerve it not, nor to pity them, becauſe they ſcorne it. I know that gorgeous apparell is an ornament to grace the Court, for the glory of the Kingdome, but it is no ornament uſefull in the Kingdome of *Grace*, nor needfull in the Kingdome of glory. A rich coate

coate may be commendable in the *Accidents of armory* onely, but it is not the onely substance of a commendable Gentleman. I will value the apparell, by the worthinesse of the wearer; I will not value the worthinesse of the wearer, by the worth of his apparell. *Adam* was most gallantly appareled, when he was innocently naked.

THe men of moſt credit in our time, are the uſurers. For they credit moſt men: And though their greateſt ſtudy bee *ſecurity*, yet is it uſually their fortune to be fulleſt of *care*. Time is pretious to them: For they thinke a day broke to them, is worth a broke-age from their creditor. Yet this they finde by uſe, that as they have much profit by putting out, ſo muſt they have much

much care to get it in. For debtors are of *Themistocles* his minde, and take not so much care how to repay all, as how they may not pay at all their creditors, and make this their first resolution, how they may make no resolution at all. I envy not therefore the Usurers gaines, but considering they (as Merchant-adventurers) send abroad their ships in uncertaine vessels, sometime into the bankrupt rivers of prodigality, and unthriftinesse, sometimes into the seas

of casualities, and misfortunes, that many times their principall come short home, I thinke, with my selfe, Let them gaine much by the adventure, that adventure so much to gaine. I will make this use of those vses, as to claime no interest in their gaines, *nor to owe any thing to any man but love*. If I lend where need is, and receive my *principall* gaine, I will accompt that my principall gaine, and thinke my courtesie but a commanded charity.

In-

INgratitude is the character of an ill nature in our ſelves, a canker of friendſhip with others, and the very poyſon that kills charity in the embrio, being but newly conceived in the pregnant mindes of good men, and cauſing an abortion of liberality, ere it comes to its intended birth. For who will ſow thoſe barren ſands, where hee knowes hee muſt not onely not ex-

pect a good harveſt, but bee ſure to looſe his ſeed and labour? Yet in theſe times what is more common or more practiſed then this ingratitude? For in receiving benefits, who will not (with *Euclio in Plautus*) finde a third hand to reach out to take them? But in requiting, who is not more maymed then the ſtatua's of *Mercury*, which *Alcibiades* ſo mangled that he ſcarce left them a finger to point out the way to travellers? It is ten to one, but we all

all desire to be cured of the leprosies of our wants: yet scarce one of ten of us returnes, to give thankes for the cure. I will not thinke my selfe so inriched by receiving a courtesie, as ingaged to be thankefull for it. I am not left a free man at my liberty, by taking a mans free liberality: but I sell my freedome for his benefits. I can not deserve to be gracious with my friend, if, with the *Graces*, I looke not with two faces backe to requite,

as

as well as with one forward to receive.

I Will not much commend others to themselves, I will not at all commend my selfe to others. So to praise any to their faces, is a kinde of flattery: but to praise my selfe to any is the height of folly. Hee that boasts his owne praises, speakes ill of himselfe, and much derogates from his true deserts. It is worthy of blame to affect

affect commendation.

MErily and wittily said *Plautus*, that was one of the merry *Wits* of his time, I would (said he) by my will have tale-bearers and tale-hearers punished the one hanging by the tongue, the other by the eares. Were his will a law in force with us, many a tatling gossip would have her *vowels* turned to *mutes*, and bee justly tongue-tied that desires to bee tied

ryed by the teeth at your table: wherewith *Thersites* his tooth she gnaweth on the good name of her neighbour: And many a hungry *Paret* whose belly is his *arts*-master would cease to second his *ave* to his Lord with depraving tales called *news*, and make his *grace* after dinner the disgrace of some innocent: And most men would give them course entertainment, that come to entertaine their eares with discourse of defamative reports. I will be silent and barren of discourse

course, when I chance to heare a tale, rather then go with child therewith, till anothers cares be my mid-wife, to deliver me of such a deformed monster. I may heare a tale of delight, & perhaps smile at an innocent jest, I will not jest, nor joy at a tale disgracing an innocent person.

WHen I see a gallant ship well rigged, trimmed, tackled man'd and munition'd with her top and top-gallant, and her spread

ſpread ſayles proudly ſwelling with a full gale in faire weather, putting out of the haven into the ſmooth maine, and drawing the ſpectators eyes, with a well-wiſhing admiration, and ſhortly heare of the ſame ſhip ſplitted againſt ſome dangerous rocke, or wracked by ſome diſaſterous tempeſt, or ſunke by ſome leake ſprung in her by ſome accident, me ſeemeth I ſee the caſe of ſome Court-favourite, who to day like *Sejanus* dazeleth all mens eyes with

with the ſplendour of his glory, and with the proud and potent beake of his powerfull proſperity cutteth the waves and ploweth through the preaſe of the vulgar, and ſcorneth to feare ſome *remora* at his keele below, or any croſſe winds from above, and yet to morrow on ſome ſtormes of unexpected diſfavour, ſprings a leake in his honour, and ſinkes on the Syrtes of disgrace, or daſhed againſt the rocks of diſpleaſure is ſplitted and wrack'd

wrack'd in the *Carybdis* of infamy, and ſo concludes his voyage in miſery and misfortune. I will not therefore adventure with the greedy ſhepheard to change my ſheepe into a ſhip of *adventure*, on the ſight of a calme ſea.

Vt pelago ſuadente etiam retenacula ſolvas,
Multa tamen latus triſtia ponius habet.

I will ſtudy to deſerve my Princes favour, I will not deſire to be a Princes *favourite*. If I fall whence I am, I can raiſe my ſelfe, but to be

bee caſt downe thence were to be cruſhed with a deſperate downe-fall. I preferre a mediocrity though obſcure yet ſafe, before a greater eminency with a farre greater danger.

WHen a ſtorme drives mee to ſhelter mee under a tree, I finde that if the ſtorme bee little, the tree defends mee, but if the ſtorme bee great, the tree not onely not defends mee, but pow-

reth

reth on mee that wet which it ſelfe had received, and ſo maketh me much wetter. Hence inſtructed, I reſolve that if improvidently I fall into ſome ſmall danger of the lawes, I will preſume to ſeeke ſhelter under the armes of ſome potent friend, but if the tempeſt of my trouble be too potent for my friend, I will rather beare all my ſelfe, then involve my friend in the danger. It would be bad enough for mee to be drencht with or diſtreſt by the ſtorme

ſtorme of the lawes anger onely ; It would be worſe to be drowned with the anger of my ſtorming friend alſo My concience of my ill deſerving towards the lawes would inforce a patience : my remembrance of my well-deſerving to my friend would make the juſt addition of his anger intollerable.

Content

COntent is the marke we all ayme at, the *chiefe good* and top of felicity, to which all mens actions ſtrive to aſcend: But it is ſolely proper to GODS wiſedome to ingroſſe all true content into his owne hand, that he may ſell it to ſaints by retaile, and inforce all men to buy it of him or want it. Hence is it that a godly man in his meane eſtate, enjoyes more content in

GOD,

God, then a King or Emperour in his earthly glory and magnificence. I will then ſtrive to purchaſe me a *patent* of content from him that hath the *monopolie* thereof: and then, if I have little in eſtate, I ſhall have much in content. *Godlineſſe ſhall bee my great riches, whiles I am contented with what I have.*

As

AS in the greater world for man, so in the little world of man, as in the outward riches of the one, so in the inner treasures of the other, many possesse much and enjoy but litle, many have much, and use but little, others use much, and but little well. I shall not so much endevour to have much where-withall to doe, as to doe much, with that little I have. It shall not so much greeve

grieve me, that I am a poore *treasurer*, as joy me, if I have beene a good steward. I could wish I had more to use well, but more wish well to use that I have. If he were so blamed that imployed not one talent well, what would become of me, if I had ten, and abused them?

POpular applauſe, and vulgar opinion may blow up and mount upward the bubble of a vaine-glorious minde, till it burſt in the ayre, and vaniſh : But a wiſe man builds his glory on the ſtrong foundation of *virtue*, without expecting or reſpecting the ſlender props of vulgar opinion. I will not *neglect* what *every one thinks of mee* ; For that were *impudent diſſolutenesse*. I will not make

make it my common care, to hearken how I am cared for of the common sort, and be over-sollicitous *what every one speakes of mee*, For that were a toyle-some vanity. I may doe well, and heare ill: And that's a *Kingly happinesse*. I may doe ill, and heare well: and that's an hypocrites best felicity. My actions shall make me harmony in my hearts inner chamber: I will not borrow the *Voyces* of the vulgar to sweeten my musique.

THe rancor of malice is the true nature of the deviil, and the soule possessed therewith is his dearest darling. For where envy, hate, and revenge take up the whole heart, there GOD hath no roome at all left to *bee in all his thoughts.* I may meet a mad man, and avoid him, I may move a cholericke man, and pacifie him, I may crosse a furious drunkerd,

kind, and ſhunne him: but a malicious man is more dangerous, implacable, and inevitable then they all. Malice omits no occaſion to doe miſchiefe: and if it miſſe thy body and ſubſtance, it proſecutes thy ſhadow, *Vſam fera ſavit in umbram*, *My ſoule come not thou into their ſecrets, unto their aſſemblie, mine honour bee not thou united.* I muſt not turne anger out of my nature, I muſt not turne my nature into anger, I muſt *give place to*

Wrath, but not a reſting place, but a place to let it paſſe-by, that I may *let goe diſpleaſure*. I may give entrance to anger on juſt cauſe, I may not give it entertainement on any cauſe, till it ſower with the leaven of malice. I muſt bee angry with ſinne, but I muſt bee *angry and ſinne not*.

When

WHen I plant a choyse flower in a fertile soyle, I see nature presently to thrust up with it, the stinging nettle, the stinking hemlocke, the drowzie poppie, and many such noysome weedes, which will either choake my plant with excluding the Sunne, or divert its nourishment to themselves: But if I weed but these at first, my flower thrives to its good-

neſſe and glory. This is alſo my caſe when I endeavour to plant grace in the fertill foyle of a good wit. For luxurious nature thruſts up with it, either ſtinging wrath, or ſtinking wantonneſſe, or drowzie ſloath or ſome other vices, which robb my plant of its deſired flouriſhing. But theſe being firſt pluckt up, the good wit produceth in its time, the faire flower of vertue. I will not therefore thinke the beſt wits, as they are wits fitteſt

to

to make the beſt men, but as they are the beſt ſowed beſt wiſe. The ground of their good is not the goodneſs of their wit: ground, but the good weeding and dreſſing it. I muſt firſt *reſiſt the evill*, ere I can *doe good*, ſupplant vices, ere I can implant vertue.

AS it is never too ſoone to be good: ſo is it never too late to amend. I will therefore neither neglect the

time present, nor de-
spaire of the time past.
If I had beene sooner
good, I might perhaps
have beene better. If I
am longer bad, I shall
(I am sure) be worse.
That I have stayed long
time idle in the market-
place deserves reprehen-
sion, but if I am late
sent into the vineyard, I
have incouragement to
worke, *I will give unto*
this last as unto thee.

When

WHEN I see the Husband-man well contented with the cold of frost and snow in the Winter, because, though it chilleth the ground; yet it killeth the charlocke, though it check the wheat somewhat in growing, yet it choaketh the weeds from growing at all: Why should I bee moved at the winter of affliction? Why vexed at the quaking fit of a quar-

quaruane ague? Why offended at the cold change of affection in my Summer-friends? If as they seeme bitter to my minde or body, they proove healthfull to my bettered soule. If my wants kill my wantonnesse, my poverty check my pride, my disrespected sleighting, quell my ambition and vaine-glory, and every weed of vice being thus choaked by afflictions winter, my soule may grow fruitfull for heavens harvest, let my winter be bitter.

bitter, so that I be gathered with the good corne at reaping time into the LORD's barne.

AS oft as I heare the Robin-red-breast chaunt it as cheerefully in September, the beginning of Winter, as in March the approach of the Summer, why should not wee (thinke I) give as cheerefull entertainement to the hoary-frosty hayres of our ages winter, as to the

the Prim-roſes of our youths ſpring? Why not to the declining ſunne in adverſity, as (like *Perſians*) to the riſing ſunne of proſperity? I am ſent to the Ant, to learne induſtry; to the Dove, to learne innocency; to the Serpent, to learne wiſedome; And why not to this bird to learne equanimity and patience; and to keepe the ſame tenour of my mindes quietneſſe, as well at the approach of calamities winter, as of the ſpring of happineſſe?

pineſſe? And, ſince the Romans conſtancy is ſo commended, who chan-ged not his countenance with his changed for-tunes, Why ſhould not I, with a Chriſtian re-ſolution, hold a ſteddy courſe in all weathers, and though I be forced with croſſe-windes, to ſhift my ſailes, and catch at ſide-windes, yet skil-fully to ſteere, and keepe on my courſe, by the *Cape of good hope*, till I arive at the haven of eternall happineſſe?

The

THE ſame water which being liquid is penetrated with an horſe-haire, will beare the horſe himſelfe when it is hard frozen. I muſe not then that thoſe precepts and threats of GODS judgements enter not into the hardned hearts of ſome old men, frozen by the practice of ſinne, which pierce and penetrate deepe into the tender hearts and melting conſciences of yonger folks thawed

thawed with the warmth of GODS feare. Hence see I the cause why *the sword of the Word*, so sharpe that it *serveth* in some to *divide the joynts and marrow*, in others glaunceth or reboundeth without dint or wound, from their cristall frozen and adamantine hearts. I cannot promise my selfe to bee free from sinne, I were then no man: but I will purpose in my selfe to bee free from hardnesse of heart, by custome and continuance in sinne, I may erre

erre in my way, I will not perſiſt and goe on in my errours, till I can not returne againe into my way. I may ſtumble, I may fall, but I will not lye ſtill when I am fallen.

WHen I ſee two game-cocks at firſt ſight, without premeditated malice fight deſperatly and furiouſly, the one to maintaine the injury offered, the other to revenge the injury received by the firſt

first blow, and to maintaine this quarrell, not onely dye the pit with their blood, but die in the pit with their mutuall bloudy wounds, me thinkes I see the successe of those duëllers of our time; which being ambitious of *Achilles* his praise, *Pelidis juvenis cedere nescij*, desperatly and furiously adventure their lives heere, and indanger their soules heereafter onely for the vaine termes of false honour. I will not say but that being flesh and blood I may

may be careleſſe of my fleſh and blood to revenge injurious indignities offered me: yet ſince as a tenant my ſoule muſt answer her Landlord for reparations of the houſe ſhe dwels in, and I have no warrant of GOD or man for ſuch revenge, I will not kill my owne ſoule to kill an other mans body. I will not pull the houſe of my body on my ſoules head in a fury, that GOD may make them both fuell for the fury of hell fire.

When

WHen I view *the heavens declaring the glory of* GOD, *and the firmament shewing his handy worke*, and consider that each little numbred staire even of the sixth magnitude, containeth the earths dimension 18. times in bignesse by Astronomers conclusions, I easily descend to consider the great difference of earthly mens glory, and that weight of glory afforded the Saints

Saints in heaven. For what a poore ambition is it to bee the beſt man in a City? What's a City to a Shire? What a Shire to the whole Iſland? What this Iſland to the Continent of Europe? What Europe to the whole Earth? What that Earth to a Starre? What that Starre to Heaven? and that to the Heaven of Heavens? And ſo by a retrogradation how little? How nothing is this poore glory. I finde many which ſay, *hoc nihil eſt*

aliquid

aliquid : I finde in my ſelfe cauſe to ſay, *hoc aliquid nihil eſt.* If I needs will bee ſomebody by my ambition, I will bee ambitious to bee ranged with the Saints in Heaven rather then ranked with the Kings on earth : ſince *the leaſt in the Kingdome of Heaven is greater then they.*

I Saw once a Ierfalcon let fly at an Heron, and obſerved with what clamour the Heron entertain'd the fight and approach of the Hawke, and with what winding ſhifts he ſtrave to get above her, labouring even by bemuting his enemies feathers to make her ſtagge-winged and ſo eſcape: but when at laſt they muſt needs come to a neceſſitated encounter, reſuming courage out of

of neceſſity hee turned face againſt her, and ſtriking the Hawke thorough the gorge with his bill fell downe dead together with his dead enemie. This fight ſeemed to me the event of a great ſute in Law, where one truſting to his caſes potency more then his cauſes equity, endeavours to diſinherit his ſtubborne neighbour by colourable titles to his land. Here may you heare the clamorous obloquies of the wronged and ſee the many

I tur-

turnings and winding *Meanders* in the Law ſought out to get above his adverſary. And laſtly when the iſſue muſt come to tryall, oftentimes in the grapple they both ſinke to beggery by the Law whiles lawfully they ſeeke to get above each other. Hence warned againſt potent enemies I will alway pray, LORD *make mee not a prey unto their teeth*; and againſt an equall or inferiour I will not borrow the lawes extreme right to doe him

extreme wrong : nor fall to law with any body till I fall by law, to bee no body. I will not doe that to have my will, which will undoe my selfe of what I have, by my wilfulnesse.

THE Psalmist doth not slander the slanderers, when in a good description of their bad natures, hee saith, *their throat is an open sepulcher, &c. the poyson of Aspes is under*

their lippes. For what more loathsome stench, and noisome smells can a new opened sepulcher belch out, then these venomous open throated slanderers? And well may their lips containe the poyson of *Aspes*, of which *Lucan* saith, *in nullis plus est serpente veneni*, when a few words of theirs shall (like a Witches spell) charme and strike dead a mans deerest reputation. I will therefore indeavour to make my actions of that vertue, that as an ornament of

of *Methridates* his best confection, they may repell the worst infection on those serpents shall spit at mee. And albeit I cannot be free from their assaults (from which none is freed); yet I will not with *Cleopatra* set those *Aspes* so neere my heart that they may stop my vitall spirits with their poyson. And since I must passe thorough this *Africa* of monsters and harmefull beasts, I will carefully feare and shunne the worst of tame beasts the *flatterer*,

and of wild beasts the *standard.*

MEditation is a busie search in the store-house of fantasie for some Idea's of matters, to bee cast in the moulds of resolution into some formes of words or actions; In which search when I have used my greatest diligence, I finde this in the conclusion, that to meditate on the Best is the best of Medita-

tions

tions : and a resolution to make a good end is a good end of my resolutions.

A Meditation of the Authors found written before a Sermon of his for EASTER-day.

MY heart a matter good indites; O then
LORD make my tongue a ready writers pen:

That

That so assisted by thy graces art,
Thy grace unto the world I may impart:
So raise my thoughts, my willing mind so blesse,
That I thy glorious riling may expresse.
And raised from death of sinfull ignorance,
Thy selfe-advancing power may advance.
And if my simple willingnesse wants skill,
Thou mad'st me willing; LORD accept my will.

An

An other written before a Sermon of his in the LI. Psalme, verse 1.

LORD guide my tongue, that covets to declare,
How great my sinnes, how good thy mercies are.

I both would shew, and yet so great is either,
That whilst I both would shew I can shew neither.
They both are infinite, they both began
Ere I beginning had, or shape of man.
Where then shall I begin, with hope to shew
How great both are, who both exceeding know?
Mercy still pardons sinne doth still offend,
And being endlesse both, where shall I end?

Thou

Thou first and last, whose **mercy** *heale my sin,*
Shew me to end, and teach me to begin.

The

The last thing the Author wrote a few daies before his death.

A Bubble broke, it's aire looseth,
By which losse the bubble's lost.
Each frost the fairest flowers brooseth
Whose lives vanish with that frost.
Then wonder not we die, if life be such,
But rather wonder whence it is we live so much.

Tales long or short, whether offending
Or well pleasing have their end.
The glasse runnes, yet the set-time ending
Every atom doth descend.
If life be such (as such life is 'tis sure)
When tales and times find ends why should life still indure?

This

This world is but a walke of paine
That ha's onely end by death.
This life's a warre in which we gaine
Conqueſt by the loſſe of breath.
Who would not War-fare and travels ceaſe
To live at home in reſt and reſt at home in peace?

Nothing

Nothing here but constant paines
Or unconstant pleasures be:
Worthlesse treasures, loosing gaines,
Scantie store, chaind liberty.
If life affoord the best no better fate,
How welcome is that death, that betters that bad State?

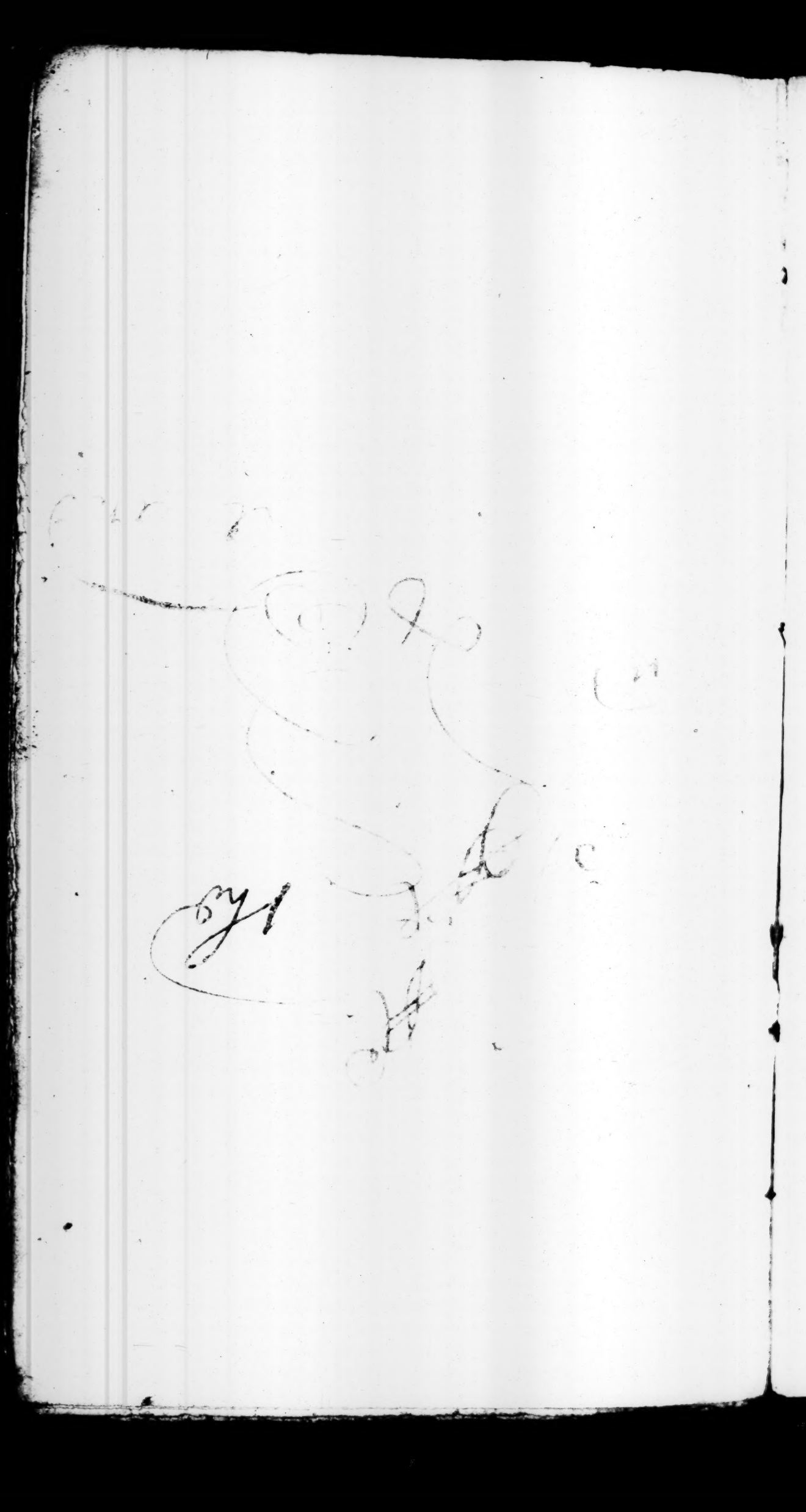
What's

What's the earth when trimmest dreſt
To that criſtall ſpangled dwelling?
Yet the Saint in glory leaſt
Is in glory farre excelling.
Glorious **Redeemer** *let this earth of mine*
Thy glorious body ſee and in thy glory ſhine.

Oft

Oft I see the darksome night
To a glorious day returning:
As oft doth sleepe intombe my sight
Yet I wake againe at morning.
Bright Sunne *returne, when sleepe hath spent deaths night,*
That these dimme eyes of mine may in thy light see light.

FINIS.



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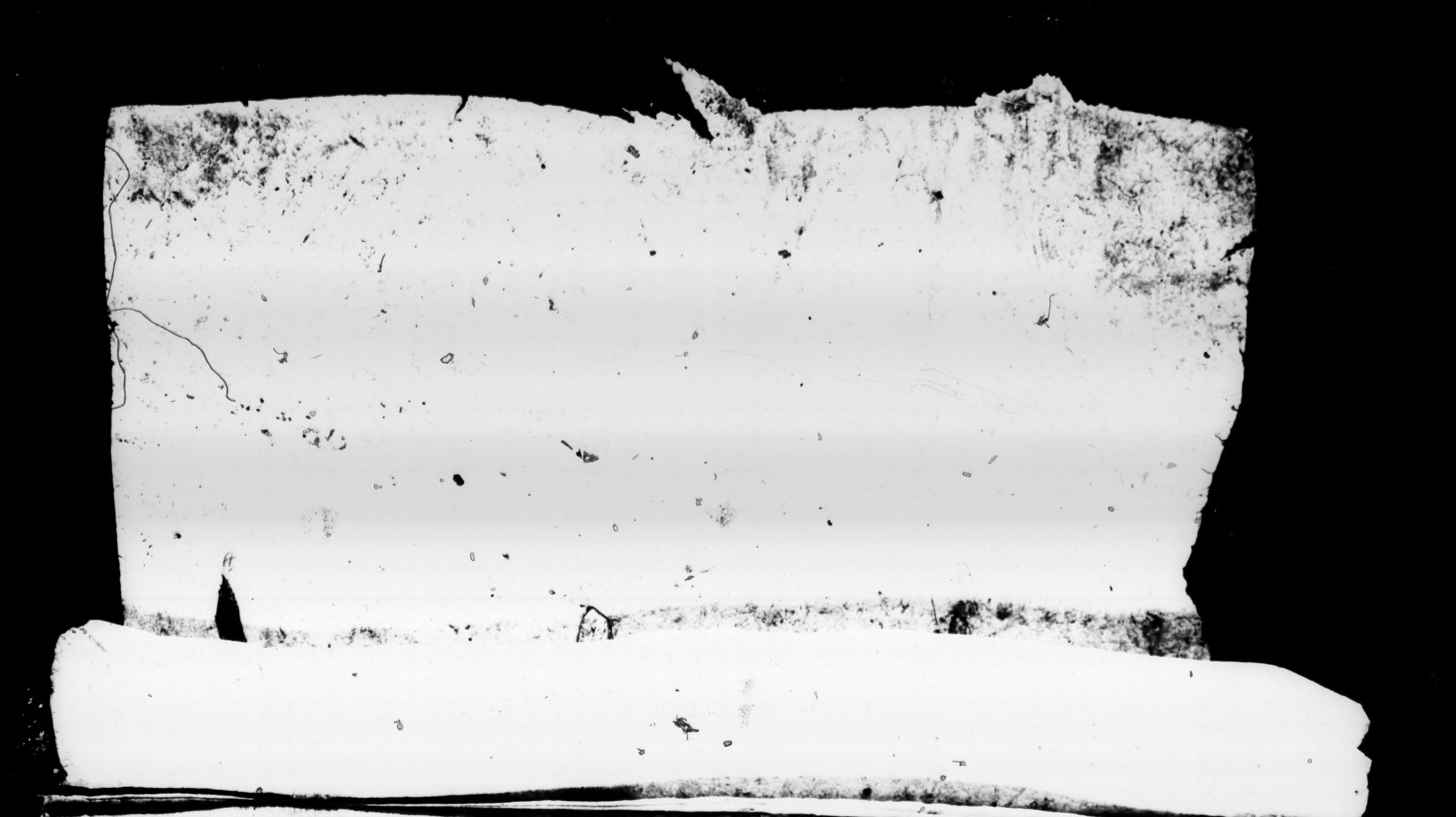
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